

10-4 3: He is Risen
(Political Discourse)

Written by

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TEXT:

It has been two years since the events of *HANG 10-4 2: SUMMER ON THE RUN*.

In the fallout of the BEEF JEZOS merger, AGENT SPHINCTER has taken over as CEO of THE WEATHER NETWORK. Through undermining the legitimacy of foreign nations, he has overturned the balance of power in the world.

AGENT SMITH, disenfranchised by the actions of SPHINCTER, has formed an underground resistance group called the HAND OF GOD to topple the regime of THE WEATHER NETWORK.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WEATHER NETWORK HEAD OFFICE - DAY

A man with a bag over his head is being tortured for information regarding the whereabouts of the headquarters of the Hand of God. He is refusing to give any, pompously making remarks at the expense of the WEATHER NETWORK ASSOCIATE. CEO Sphincter ENTERS ominously. CUT TO CAPTURED HAND OF GOD MEMBER 1 nervously trying to shuffle away.

SPHINCTER

Tell me, are we your enemies or your friends?

Captured Hand of God Member 1, in utter terror, says nothing.

SPHINCTER

Don't go quiet, you were talking up quite a storm just a minute ago, I heard it.

Pausing, he continues.

Enemies and friends are no different. We have you tied up, with a bag over your head, so you call us enemies. Your friends, they tie you up in interpersonal drama - shit - and with your need for their approval, they put a bag over your head, so you're powerless to-

CAPTURED HAND OF GOD MEMBER 1

He's in Markham, he's in Markham, please shut up!

Sphincter, gagged, attempting to maintain some image of power, walks away, saying:

SPHINCTER

Kill him.

Captured Hand of God Member 1 is unceremoniously executed in the background as the viewer sees Sphincter menacingly marching forward, angrily.

CUT TO:

INT. MARKHAM BASE

Sitting at his desk reading a newspaper, a member frantically approaches Smith. He informs him of the capture of Captured Hand of God Member 1. Calmly lowering his newspaper, Smith replies:

SMITH

Just when I was about to retire... Lord knows how much time we have left before an assault comes. Put the call out for the College of Cardinals to convene immediately.

HAND OF GOD MEMBER 2

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - DAY

A man suavely signals to raise his bet. The viewer sees only his hand. THE CAMERA CUTS round the table, the second player fidgeting, then folding defeatedly. The next player calls without hesitation. The dealer lays down another card, asking the first man what he will do. CUT BACK TO the first man, now fully in view. He is about to speak, when someone whispers into his ear. Marginally upset, he says that he must go. CUT TO the third player.

THIRD PLAYER

A game well played.

The first man dismissively nods, and leaves the table. CUT TO the backs of the players, with the first man now walking towards the camera, EXITING.

CUT TO:

INT. MARKHAM BASE

The first man ENTERS somewhat frantically, finding SMITH and RAYMOND waiting impatiently.

RAYMOND

Too busy thinking you've figured out how to beat
Poker to pay attention to a war, right GEORGE?

GEORGE

I'll have you know that I was winning.

SMITH

The same can't be said for this war. All of our
information is compromised. We have to act now or
all our progress will be wiped out.

GEORGE

Now? I thought Raymond had that shipment coming.

RAYMOND

I don't have any time to let The Lion know about
the oncoming assault either, we've got our hands
tied here.

They momentarily are silent, at a loss for words.

GEORGE

No, our hands aren't tied, we can still act.

SMITH

That's what I'm thinking. They'll be sending a massive task force to destroy us, so that means *their* head office will be vulnerable.

GEORGE

Right, so let's send our whole force over there and crush their ability to fight this war.

SMITH

No. We're safer in here than out there. We have to send a small group to take them down.

RAYMOND

So, what? We're sacrificing all our members for practicality? I thought we were meant to be equals.

SMITH

We'll die just the same if we stick together.

They all remain undecided, when Hand of God Member 2 ENTERS.

HAND OF GOD MEMBER 2

Cardinals, we have reports from frontier forts of
Network reconnaissance planes flying overhead.

SMITH

So, who's in favour of my plan?

They all look at each other, realising there are no other
options. George agrees, with Raymond following reluctantly.

SMITH

Alright, put out the call for anybody ranking
above the level of deacon to form a wolf pack
along fault line R.

HAND OF GOD MEMBER 2

Yes, sir.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT. THE WEATHER NETWORK HEAD OFFICE - DAY

Sphincter is looking out a window, frustrated. Weather Network Associate ENTERS.

WEATHER NETWORK ASSOCIATE

Sir, the-

SPHINCTER

The man I inherited this empire from - which at the time was an IPO - was smart, but lacked the will to accomplish.

WEATHER NETWORK ASSOCIATE

Very insightful, sir-

SPHINCTER

My aunt, did I ever tell you about her?

WEATHER NETWORK ASSOCIATE

On your mother's side or your father's-

SPHINCTER

She was like any other aunt. Kind, wise, perhaps a bit touched with bigotry. She never hurt

anyone, though. One day, she got hit in the head with a lawnmower. Some inner-city hoodlum dropped it off a building. I see myself much like her. I am the lawnmower, dropped by my predecessors to knock this insurgency in the head.

WEATHER NETWORK ASSOCIATE

I'm not sure that I follow, sir-

SPHINCTER

What is it that you wanted, associate?

WEATHER NETWORK ASSOCIATE

The forward company is ready for deployment, sir. The scouting mission shows next to no major fortifications. The nuclear weather balloons are done with maintenance and are prepared to fire at will. Shall we proceed, sir?

SPHINCTER

Yes, the meteorologists may do as they please.

WEATHER NETWORK ASSOCIATE

Very good, sir, I will advise them so.

The Weather Network Associate EXITS. Hold on Sphinxter staring out for a few moments, then

WIPE TO:

EXT. MARKHAM BASE - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the base: a field, calm and peaceful under any circumstances but these. If it is not for the pervasive atmosphere and tension, this would otherwise be a soothing shot. CUT TO a row of tanks calmly advancing toward the base, bird's eye view. ZOOM OUT to reveal planes soaring overhead.

CUT TO:

INT. MARKHAM BASE - DAY

Smith hears that enemy forces are closing in over a walkie-talkie. The CAMERA is on a DUTCH ANGLE. This sequence is suspenseful, not frantic. Perhaps cut music from it. Smith, in a tight shot, LOOKS at Raymond, who looks at George. Drag these shots out uncomfortably. INTERSTITCH shots of the tanks etc closing in. Smith beckons for the other two to retreat to a

better defensible room. Moving painfully slowly, Raymond and George EXIT. Explosions sound.

TITLE:

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FROM BLACK:

A lush, dense FOREST is seen. We find Smith on the ground, coughing. He gets up, disoriented, patting off his dirtied and charred clothes, then looking around, trying to determine his location. He gets a moment of reprieve, the atmosphere is almost peaceful in the warm embrace of the trees. He hears a plane overhead, immediately reminding him of his true peril. A music cue plays. Smith, with a determined look, investigates his surroundings more thoroughly now. He walks off, the CAMERA TURNING TO FOLLOW HIM. He finds Raymond soon thereafter.

FOREST - DAY

RAYMOND

Sir, are you alright?

SMITH

Yeah. Have you seen George?

RAYMOND

Sir, he couldn't have possibly escaped.

SMITH (matter of fact)

So, you didn't even bother looking for him?

RAYMOND

No.

SMITH (distantly upset, with a shred of joy)

(sighs) Well, maybe you're right. There has to be a settlement nearby where we can recoup; find those who escaped.

RAYMOND

Yeah... I seem to recall George saying something about a town to the West one time.

SMITH

You *seem* to *recall*, huh? (looking upward) the sun is setting that way (gesturing West), so let's go that way.

CUT TO Smith and Raymond walking in a densely wooded area. The air is relatively calm, but in the periphery you feel as though you are being stalked.

RAYMOND

It's probably for the best that George isn't here. Otherwise, he'd be here saying that the way we... *walk* isn't doing enough for the cause. (mocking) You have to put the *left foot* first! The Weather Network guys always put their right foot first.

SMITH

He's a good man. A bit... ideological. But invaluable.

RAYMOND

Sure, sure. You can't help but feel, though, that he might've crippled our organisation if he was still around.

Smith makes no comment.

RAYMOND (cont'd)

I mean, come on. Nobody buys all that stuff about dying for the cause. I'll give him that: he really pulled that one off. Now what we had left died because of his stupidity. How do you expect a rebellion to succeed-

Smith grabs Raymond by the collar and pins him against a tree.

SMITH (violently angry)

This is *not* a rebellion. This is a battle against a man who "accidentally" formed an imperial corporation, who he just so happened to become the leader of. Have you forgotten what he did to your parents?

RAYMOND (meekly)

Took them hostage.

SMITH

Don't give me that shit. I worked with this man for two years. He's a *killer*. "Took them hostage", whose side are you on, Raymond?

Smith lets go of Raymond.

SMITH

I've gotta take a piss.

Smith wanders off into the thick cloud of foliage flanking them.

Raymond, to himself, continues under his breath:

RAYMOND (childishly upset)

"Whose side are you on", well not yours if that's how
you're gonna act. (scoffs)

Raymond looks out into the woods, calmly exploring the
environment with his eyes.

RAYMOND (cont'd, trailing off)

I'd like to see you... Weren't you supposed to retire
before this whole thing... Sorry, grandpa, is your-

A stick cracks behind Raymond. In rapid succession, he stiffens,
flinging his head backward to see what awaits him. With his head
turned, a hand grabs his mouth, and an arm thereafter wrapping
itself around his torso. Immediately, he is petrified, thinking
that Smith had heard him. Under muffled cries you hear "Smith, I
didn't mean it; Smith, I'm sorry". As the camera cuts further
away, though, it is revealed to be even worse than imagined. A

scout working for The Weather Network carries Raymond, fighting, off. THE CAMERA HOLDS, returning to the site which hardly a minute prior held Smith and Raymond, now empty, with only the hollow cries of Raymond sounding out. They grow quieter and quieter, as THE CAMERA HOLDS still, making you beg that Smith will return, chasing after Raymond. His cries become silent, and only then does Smith return, searching for Raymond.

SMITH

That kid... (yelling) real mature!

CUT TO Raymond, miserable. Hearing the continuing yells of Smith, he realises he is being held by a Weather Network scout. He begins to cry, knowing he is unable to call out to Smith, and knowing his fate is the same as his parents'.
CUT BACK TO Smith.

SMITH

I get a little mad, and he runs off. Great.

Smith continues walking in a direction opposite Raymond.
CUT TO a SHOT stalking Raymond's captors. It follows them for a while, with slow, thick breathing being heard by a voice unknown. CUT TO tall grass, a dark figure hardly visible through

the shimmering green. BACK TO Raymond's captor, THE CAMERA in a subjective shot, quickly rising, approaching TWN scout, and slashing his neck open. He immediately falls to the ground. Raymond sits on the ground for a second, bewildered. He turns his head, then saying:

RAYMOND (stuttering)

George?

CUT TO an OBJECTIVE SHOT, George offering his hand. Raymond takes it.

GEORGE

Are you hurt?

RAYMOND

No, no, I'll be okay.

GEORGE

Okay, good.

Stumblingly, Raymond follows George.

RAYMOND

So, where are we going?

GEORGE

I've been here a million times. There's a town not too far from us. Say, where's Smith?

RAYMOND

I don't know. Probably not too far behind us.

GEORGE

Oh, that's good. I found some guy a ways back slumped against a tree. I've heard rumours about a group of mountain men who kill anyone who trespass on their land.

CUT TO:

DENSE FOREST - DAY

Smith is seen WALKING, confusedly LOOKING upwards trying to make sense of his surroundings. He, pausing halfway through the motion, LOOKS backward, perplexed. Taking a few steps forward, he slowly TURNS his head to the opposite side, noticing a dead body. A loud, clamouring music cue plays, while the CAMERA

studies the body. A disembodied head lays at the side of the blood-riddled corpse. The head is locked in a petrified expression, its empty eye sockets telling that what happened to him, nobody should see. Smith, on the ground, frantically looks around stiffly - his head never makes any large movements in this moment, only moving a few degrees before snapping to another position. His mouth slightly agape, he makes no sound. Any sound he could be making is drowned out by the music, scraping across the scene. He swallows. Coming to his senses, he gets up shakily. He SEARCHES all around him, patting himself, grabbing at his pockets, hoping for some reassurance through finding a weapon, but there is nothing. Panic begins to set in as he realises just how precarious his situation is.

CUT TO:

Further along in the journey of Raymond and George, similar SHOT to when Smith and Raymond were walking earlier.

RAYMOND

Do clean mirrors freak you out?

GEORGE

No.

RAYMOND

(chuckling) Yeah, me neither.

They continue, awkwardly. Raymond looks over at George, searching for a topic of discussion.

RAYMOND

Say, how big are your nipples?

GEORGE

I dunno, maybe a quarter?

They continue for a moment.

RAYMOND

A quarter, huh?

George smirks, letting out a small laugh.

RAYMOND

I'm not judging, you know, although I'm more of a nickel man myself.

GEORGE

Well, a quarter is worth more.

RAYMOND

That is true. But a nickel has a cooler design on it.

George lets out another light laugh.

RAYMOND

So, how about that Smith, huh?

GEORGE (sighing)

Yeah.

RAYMOND

You know, it'd probably really be unfortunate to be his successor. I mean, I've heard that back in the day he was a lot funnier. It can't be a good job, being the head of this whole thing.

GEORGE

The stress probably gets to you after enough time.

RAYMOND

Yeah, what with all the people constantly coming up to you, like, 'sir, should we walk with our left foot first, or our right'. (laughs fakely in an effort to make George laugh with him) I mean, (passive aggressive sing-song) hello, kinda trying to fight the most oppressive regime *literally* ever here, right- (snortle, laughing fakely again attempting to mask the lack of a punchline). Ah, but seriously, do you want to be his successor?

George says nothing.

RAYMOND (cont'd)

You know, you really don't talk much, George. I'm beginning to think you don't like me.

GEORGE

No, I like you; you're just a bit verbous sometimes. You know, it's like you've got to fit ten percent of the dictionary into every sentence or something.

RAYMOND

Your issue is you never use the right words, I mean, you talk like you went to school with cavemen. You need a thesaurus.

GEORGE

What good would a dinosaur be for teaching me words?

What, like, Barney you mean?

Folk music in the distance is HEARD. George and Raymond both LOOK in its direction, then at each other.

CUT TO:

Smith is WALKING through the forest, looking over his shoulder all the while, then tiredly SITTING DOWN on a rock. CUT TO a SHOT of the sun, the CAMERA SPINNING in circles in an exasperated cry to be noticed. Smith SIGHS, clearly deep in thought, unsure of the conclusion to whatever it is he is thinking. Perhaps he is thinking of how things got to this point. Perhaps he is questioning the worth of his cause. He LOOKS upward, his eyes darting left and right, as though he is trying to search the sky for answers. Slowly, his gaze falls down to earth, apparently given no catharsis. He GETS UP, and CONTINUES onward, being STOPPED in his tracks by a dagger

dripping with fresh blood stuck in a tree. GRABBING this dagger, he CONTINUES once more.

HAND OF GOD SETTLEMENT - DAY

A decrepit building is SEEN. George is TALKING to a SETTLEMENT CITIZEN. Raymond loiters, uninterested in the goings-on of the settlement, instead looking at the sun and his clothes. The CAMERA holds still on these three, taking no particular care in what exactly George is saying. Whatever it is that George says, it works: Raymond and George are allowed refuge in the local's home for a while. They enter the home.

INT. SETTLEMENT HOME - DAY

Raymond and George sit on two beds, opposite each other.

RAYMOND

Not a bad place to stay for a couple days.

GEORGE

I like these little places on the outskirts of civilisation. They remind me of home a bit. Networkers could never control these sorts of places; they never will. What the hell do they care about some... some

hillbillies. All they want is those bigwig now-vee-oh rich types... watch the news all day.

RAYMOND

They're not all bad. They want to watch TV all day, that's their prerogative. This whole thing wouldn't exist without them, you know.

GEORGE

That's exactly my point: The Weather Network wouldn't have taken control if these armchair... (trailing off) you know, *whatever*, chose to *act* instead of yell about nonsense all the time.

RAYMOND

Smith started this fight against *The Weather Network*, not against those who chose not to fight against The Weather Network.

GEORGE

Well, so what? Smith is old, you know that. Nobody takes him seriously anymore - well, anyone other than you, that is.

RAYMOND

That doesn't sound like the language of a loyal subordinate.

GEORGE

We aren't subordinates, genius. Even you've forgotten that we're equals. And what do you know about what Smith is fighting for anyway? He's not fighting for that, he's fighting for-

CUT TO Smith, noticeably more exhausted. He looks to the horizon. The CAMERA shows the sun is slowly setting. A vague relief is shown on the face of Smith, though he doesn't allow himself to be too happy - he knows that the night brings more troubles than the day. He continues much in the same way as the earlier scene, with a landmark showing that he is travelling in the same direction as Raymond and George at this point, but is abruptly stopped in his tracks by the sound of something human-like. He swings around. The sound is repeated. He walks in the direction of the sound - the opposite direction as Raymond and George.

CUT TO:

INT. SETTLEMENT HOME - SUNSET, NIGHT

Raymond and George lay on their beds, facing the opposite walls, apparently still upset about their argument, which has also apparently reached no understanding. They fall asleep. George GETS UP to go to the washroom, where he spots an agent of The Weather Network posting a ransom note for Raymond, George, and Smith. He races back to the settlement home. He wakes up Raymond in a rush.

GEORGE (frantically)

Wake up, wake up!

RAYMOND

What, what?

GEORGE

Get up, we're leaving.

RAYMOND (sarcastically)

What, is there a stick of deodorant? I know it's scary to you, but normal people use them. Go to sleep, George.

GEORGE (smacking Raymond)
(screaming under his breath, enunciating each
syllable) Get up!

RAYMOND (disinterested and frustrated)
Alright, alright. What is it George?

GEORGE
The Network put out a ransom for us.

RAYMOND (sinking)
What, like, here you mean?

GEORGE (angrily)
Yes, just outside.

Raymond doesn't respond. They sit in silence for a moment,
Raymond going through every possible outcome of this development
in his mind. George hasn't processed it yet: he is staring in
desperation at Raymond, hoping for the words which will calm him
and make him feel as though they're still in control. Raymond,
for his part, has no words to offer George.

GEORGE (desperate)

... Well?

CUT TO:

DEEP FOREST - NIGHT

Smith CREEPS through the woods, the brush CRACKLING under his feet. He LOOKS from side to side, tracking what little he can under the darkness, which feels like a threat unto itself. The CAMERA tries to FOLLOW Smith, leaving room behind him to make the viewer question if he is being followed. The music is creeping along, bumping as though a heart beat, slowly rising to a crescendo. Smith pauses for a moment to sneeze. As he does this, so too does the music pause. He sneezes, provoking a shrill, animalistic noise. The music suddenly crashes with a loud, piercing sound. Smith is shocked, and falls onto a tree. The CAMERA CUTS TO a small animal. Smith is relieved, as he takes a moment to catch his breath. Shaken, he continues forward.

SMITH (under his breath)

I don't know how much longer I can do this. I used to go out, have fun, meet people. Now what do I do? Get

frightened by small animals, that's what. Oh well, I guess it's worth it.

Smith, as he says this, walks into something. He backs up, spits, and turns on his flashlight after a bit of fiddling. The music once more builds eerily, shakily vibrating in a distorted stereo space. He casually, but with intent, points the flashlight at the object. The CAMERA slowly pans upward, revealing the sight to behold. It is a small creature, the same from before, skinned and strung by its limbs to surrounding branches. The music this time is not exciting, but instead sombre and mellow, yet brooding. Smith is petrified, knowing he is being closely stalked by the hunter. He, almost in tears, begins stabbing the air around him, going in circles, hoping to hit something - anything - so that he may feel as though he can control his surroundings. He hits nothing though; he is in a world far beyond comprehension at the moment. He disappointedly and begrudgingly cuts down the skinned animal, and sits down, sulking.

CUT TO:

FOREST - NIGHT

George and Raymond are seen running into the depths of the wilderness, away from what little civilization remained prior. The music is frantic, as an angry mob can be heard trailing in the distance. The CAMERA STOPS on a carving in a tree which reads *KEEP OUT*. Smith is now seen RISING, with a glove on his right hand fashioned out of the small animal, gripping his knife. His face is cold, stern, and confident. His hair falls roughly over his face, scarcely being able to be viewed if it were not for the magnitude of his presence. His eyes SCAN the treeline.

Smith goes after the hunter and the hunter kills the crowd chasing g & r and smith kills le hunter qed